

Desirable Ignorance

Jim Peebles is a foolish cuss, he don't know nuthin' much; He don't know where the Poles hang out nor where abide the Dutch. He scarcely knows enough to get unhurt across the street. An' when a feller has him down he don't know when he's beat.

He gets slammed back at every turn, he has tarnation luck. An' less hard sense than any man that I have ever struck. But ignorance is bliss with Jim, unblinded by defeat. He's bound to get along because he don't know when he's beat.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

ON A BRANCH ROAD

BY CAROLINE HUNTER

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Rand made his last change of cars and boarded the single passenger coach on the absurd little train. It was a branch road running out into the country, a road managed by a few rustic officials who ran their trains with a fine disregard of schedule, and would gladly slow down to exchange items of local gossip with a farmer at a crossing.

It was, nevertheless, the home road and Rand had not come home since he had gone away to the city ten years before, a lad of seventeen. He recognized the old brakeman and the conductor, but they eyed him as a stranger. It was small wonder. Ten years had dealt kindly with the big, clumsy boy whose green crocheted tie and ill-made coat once scarcely saw because his face was so sincere and strong. The conductor of the little train beheld now a successful business man, "a city fellow," yet one, if he had looked more closely, whose eyes were still frank and true.

Rand did not make himself known to them. He caught himself wishing that they had known him, but was aware at the same time that he was unreasonable to expect it. To them the years had not doubt seemed longer than to him. He had worked hard not pausing to observe the flight of time. And since he had met Helen, how short the months had been—sweet little Helen who was soon to be his wife.

There were only a few other passengers in the car. Rand scrutinized each one imagining that he might find in them some old friends of his youth. A few seats ahead of him sat a young woman to whom his eyes reverted questioning several times. There was something about the wave of her black hair or the low coil of it against her neck that haunted him with a vague familiarity. Once she turned a little and he caught a glimpse of her cheek. Ruth Hayes! The name unthought of for so many years flashed into his mind. Ruth, the pretty little tom-boy playmate of those early days! But was this surely Ruth? Suddenly she rose to put some package into the rack overhead and in so doing faced him squarely. Her eyes met his for a second uncertainly and then a smile of happy recognition lighted her face. She extended her hand. Rand hastened to grasp it with many assurances of delight at his good fortune. The girl was silent at first, but her glad eyes welcomed him.

They sat down together and soon fell to recalling old times. One recollection led to another in swift succession. Did he remember the Sunday school picnic when they ate so much ice cream, or would they ever forget the time it poured so on the straw ride to Weaver's valley? Ruth, he soon noticed, could supply many little details that he had forgotten, things even that he had said or what he had worn on some particular occasion. She recounted joyously many of their old escapades. He became silent listening and studying her. Her face had lost some of its old mirthfulness; it was very sweet, but just a little sad. Her voice was low and clear.

"It was you," she was saying, "who suggested going there by moonlight."



Recounted joyously many of their old escapades.

You said that the moonpath across the water was the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Did I say that?" he laughed. "How could you ever remember?"

"How could I ever forget?" she corrected and her voice was low with a little tremor in it.

Rand became suddenly uncomfortable. He was sorry that she had not forgotten, and wished that old times did not seem so important to

her. He hastened to change the subject. "You've been away on a visit?" he asked.

"Yes," she said simply, "and I intended to stay until Thursday, but something seemed to tell me I must come to-day. It was a premonition, don't you think?" and she smiled into his eyes.

Rand's embarrassment increased. He glanced out of the window nervously wishing the ride was at an end. Could it be possible that she had been remembering him, caring for him all these years?

"Why did you not write?" she continued after a pause. "You stopped writing before you had been gone a year. I wanted to hear so much, and you promised."

Rand offered some confused explanation, and racked his brains for a safe topic of conversation. Never had he been placed in so trying a position. Here was a woman who had obviously cherished his memory for



"Ruth," he said, unsteadily.

ten years and expected that he had done the same for her. How foolish he thought her to cling to those childish promises. A business man had no time for writing letters to playmates of his boyhood. Helen, he thought, would not betray herself like this. Yet there seemed to be nothing coarse about Ruth's betrayal; she was very self-forgetful, very sweet.

The windows of the train were open and the evening air blew in laden with the old familiar fragrance of the hayfields. The sun had just set behind the hills that he knew so well. How beautiful it was, and he had been away so long. Ruth turned to him again from the peaceful scene and there were tears on her lashes.

"Your native hills and meadows have missed you, John. We have all missed you so."

Rand could not meet the beautiful light of her eyes. A hot flush swept over his face. He must stop her, must tell her of Helen and go away at once. She laid a hand gently on his arm.

"You know, John," she whispered, "you are very, very welcome home."

Rand's agony at the girl's tone and gesture was annihilated by a thunderous crash. Darkness came upon them with the shivering of glass, the cracking of strained timbers. The long shiftlessness in the management of the road had borne fruit in a fearful collision.

Rand lay stunned for a few seconds and then by powerful wrenchings freed himself from the debris. He stood dazed as a realization of the disaster forced itself upon his numbed senses.

"Ruth," he cried, "Ruth, where are you?" Frantically he tugged at the splintering beams. A few men had rushed to the wreck and were attempting to rescue the passengers.

The mass had taken fire from the engines and the men bent every energy to outstrip the flames. Rand worked alone at that end of the car near which they had been sitting. From time to time he called Ruth's name and once he thought a faint cry answered him. He bent down and peered into the wreck in the fading twilight.

"John." The word came to him scarcely audible as he stooped. She was held beneath a beam that it took his mightiest effort to remove. He raised her tenderly and carried her to the little grassy bank beside the tracks. Very gently he held her with great bitterness in his heart for he knew that she was dying and that she had given him a love which he could not return. At last her eyes

unopened and he bent to catch the words at her lips were struggling to form.

"I don't mind, John—because you came." She hesitated. "Oh, Ruth," he began in an agonized voice half intending to tell her all. A faint smile crossed her face and she interrupted.

"I always knew you would come, John, for you promised, but it has been so long."

The man was completely unnerved. He could not let her die without one kind word—this girl who had found the years so long. He had promised nothing at parting more than a boy's thoughtless "I'll come back."

"Ruth," he said unsteadily. Her eyes opened again very slowly. Looking into those eyes, all words failed him, and, stooping, he kissed her brow.

Later they found him there in the starlight, with the dead girl in his arms. He was wondering if she knew all.

HAD GOOD TIME OCCASIONALLY.

Relatives of Millionaire Had Been Wasting Sympathy.

"The Pittsburgh millionaire at the Waldorf" has become the official goat in New York for all stories of the "gay old sport" variety. Here is the latest tale: At the Waldorf they are telling of a Pittsburgh millionaire who is over 70, and the way he fooled his son and nephew on a recent visit to the city of the great white way. The two young men dined with "father" every evening and then watched him take the elevator to his quarters. "Too bad father has to go to bed every evening at 9," said the son. "Wonder if he goes to sleep right away, or if he'd like us to stay and talk to him?" "Let's go up and see," said the nephew, feeling the full grip of compassion. They found his shoes outside the door waiting for the coming of the bootblack, and there was no light in the transom. "Poor old man, he does not have a very good time over here," they chorused. They went out into the night in a cab and toward midnight turned into one of the gilded mirrored lobster places. When they were finally seated about a table and had given the waiter his order they looked about the room. The first individual to meet their astonished gaze was "father," in full evening dress, pouring champagne into a glass which was held by an actress. "How about the shoes in front of your door?" they asked him afterward. "It's a pity a man of my age and money can't have two pairs of shoes, my children," he said with a wink. "Those were my old shoes."

Worth While.

Lord, it seems but short, our lifetime; Just a breath and we're away; Looking backward down our pathway We were boys just yesterday. And to-morrow we'll be old folks, And day after that, we'll pass; As the thistledown the wind blows Or the mist upon the glass. It's worth livin' in, this world is, Where the flowers bud and bloom, Where the fireflies are dartin' Drawin' pictures on the gloom; Every day's worth havin' lived for, And, in love, one's hopes and fears, For one little ticklin' minute Are plumb worth a million years! And the hug of one wee baby, When it's reachin' up to climb To your bosom just to love you; Worth ten million years o' time; And day after that, we'll pass; When you're crooning it to sleep, Each one's worth a batch of ages That 'ud make a mighty heap. And o' nights a baby watchin' For your comin' down the street, And the yellow curls a-flyin', And the awkward legs a'-feet, And the glad mouth held for kisses—Half a purse and half a smile—Makes life's wee span mighty snappy. Makes the livin' well worth while. —J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

It Was His Name.

"Hello Well, what do you want? Haven't you ever talked over a telephone before?" The hotel clerk was in the telephone booth, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. "Hello—hello—well, have you found out who you want?—That's better."

"What's that name again?" "J. Hominy what? Well, who—" "Spell it again."

"J. Hominy E. Frogeye. Well, what do you think of that. Are you sure that's correct?" "All right, I'll see if I can find him."

"What do you think that fellow wants? He asked me if a man named J. Hominy E. Frogeye is stopping here."

"That's my name," meekly remarked a young man who stood at the desk.

After the owner of the exceptional name had concluded his conversation, the clerk recovered sufficiently to ring for a glass of water.

Removing Temptation.

Deacons Smith and Jones, two pillars of the church, were working in the hayfield on a Virginia farm. Suddenly Deacon Smith called out excitedly:

"What dis ah dun foun' in dis hay stack?"

"Look ter me lack er jug ob flicker," Deacon Jones responded, his eyes rolling.

Both deacons pondered, and presently Deacon Smith said, gravely:

"Bro' Jones, don' you 'low we all better drink up dis hyah, 'les some po' weak brudder fin' hit fall by da way-side?"—Chicago American.

School for Women Chemists.

A school for women chemists has been opened at Dessau, Germany. Graduates can earn from \$20 to \$45 a month.

Do You Want to Know What You Swallow?

There is a growing sentiment in this country in favor of medicines or known compounds. It is but natural that one should have some interest in the composition of that which he or she is expected to swallow, whether it be food, drink or medicine.

Recognizing this growing disposition on the part of the public, and satisfied that the fullest publicity can only add to the well-earned reputation of his medicines, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has "taken time by the forelock" as it were, and is publishing broadcast a list of all the ingredients entering into his medicines, the "Golden Medical Discovery," the popular liver invigorator, stomach tonic, blood purifier and heart regulator; also of his "Favorite Prescription" for weak, over-worked, broken-down, nervous and invalid women.

This bold and open-spoken movement on the part of Dr. Pierce, has, by showing exactly what his well-known medicines are composed of, completely disarmed all harping critics who have heretofore unjustly attacked them. A little pamphlet has been compiled, from the standard medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, showing the strongest endorsements by leading medical writers of the several ingredients which enter into Dr. Pierce's medicines. A copy of this little book is mailed free to any one desiring to learn more concerning the valuable, native, medicinal plants which enter into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated antibilious granules. They regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Do not forget the "pill habit," but cure constipation. Outlets for each day one laxative and regulator, three or four for an active cathartic. Once tried always in favor.

\$50,000 GIVEN AWAY. In copies of The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, a book that sold to the extent of 500,000 copies a few years ago, at \$1.50 per copy. \$50,000 worth of these invaluable books. This year we shall give away one copy of each of our books. Will you share in this benefit? If so, send only 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only for book in stiff paper covers, or 31 stamps for Address-book. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

British Columbia Rivals Oregon. British Columbia promises to become a dangerous rival of Oregon as an apple-growing region. During last season 600,000 trees were planted.

Shake Into Your Shoes. Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Civil and Religious Marriages.

Today marriage is a civil contract in Catholic as well as Protestant countries. The United States and France, since the revolution, freely recognize this fact. Marriage is legally binding. If performed according to the laws of the land, without any intervention of the church. This result was inevitable because of the personal and property rights involved which belonged properly to the jurisdiction of the state. The church, both Catholic and Protestant, retains however, its ancient privileges of ceremonial over its members, and this accords with popular prejudice, which likes to regard marriage as a sacrament, and which sees the advantage of giving the ceremony the greatest possible publicity and solemn sanction.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

"Esplanade" and "Boulevard."

Both "esplanade" and "boulevard" are military terms by origin. The original "boulevard" was a bulwark or horizontal part of the rampart and an "esplanade" was originally the glacis or slope of the counterscarp of a fortified place. A writer 200 years ago noted that the word boulevard was "now chiefly taken for the void space between the glacis of a citadel and the first houses of a town." Hence its extension to other "void spaces" suitable for promenading. The old French "esplanade" was defined by Cotgrave as "a planing, leveling, evening of ways," from Latin "explanare," to smooth or flatten out, whence the English words "explain" and "explanation."

GRAND TO LIVE.

And the Last Laugh is Always the Best.

"Six months ago I would have believed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman—"now I laugh to know there is." "Since childhood I drank coffee as freely as any other member of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl, and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down, till last winter, at the age of 38 I seemed to be on the verge of consumption. My friends greeted me with 'How bad you look! What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting.

"The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged.

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum Food Coffee. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change. I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled. The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong.

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change and when they inquire what brought it about, I answer 'Postum Food Coffee, and nothing else in the world.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in 20 pgs.

FUNERAL OF THE OIL LAMPS

Ceremony in German Town at Opening of Gas Works.

At Unruhstadt, a little market town in eastern Prussia, a curious ceremony was enacted recently to celebrate the opening of the new gas works.

A procession was organized symbolizing the "death of the oil lamp." It was headed by the staff of the gas works, followed by bearers of banners with inscriptions and wound with crape. Then came a band playing a dead march and finally a bier carried by old lamp lighters.

The procession made a round through the town, and on its way collected the old oil-fed street lamps which were adorned with crape bows, reverently placed on the bier "for burial."

After the ceremony, the funeral baked meats were partaken of, duly washed down, and the bourgeois of Unruhstadt, proud of their progressiveness, gave themselves up to boisterous rejoicing.—Stray Stories.

GIVEN CREDIT FOR LONG LIFE.

Inscription on Tombstone Made Mar Rival of Methuselah.

"In memory of Adam Shisler, who departed this life December the 22d 1777, aged 969 years."

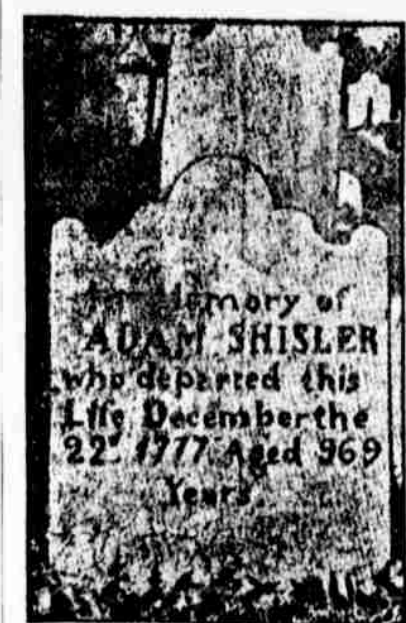
This inscription, startling, indeed, at first glance, appears on a tombstone in the old Upper burying ground, on the east side of Main street above Washington lane, Germantown.

The stranger would naturally suppose that he had discovered a rival for Methuselah's age record. But the natives would soon relieve him of that idea.

Shisler's tombstone is well known in Germantown. It is one of the first objects of childish curiosity. Hence every one knows its history. This is how it is accounted for:

When Shisler died he was 69 years old. The marble cutter who inscribed the stone—no historical records tell who he was—made the mistake of reversing the numerals, and inscribed the age as 96. Then, to rectify the error, he inscribed a 9 after the 6, and filled the first 9 with mortar, making the age read 69.

But the ravages of time and the storms of years finally wore away the mortar, and for over half a century



Germantown's Methuselah. The first figure has been visible, making Shisler apparently the oldest man who ever lived.

Adam Shisler was no doubt an early settler, although he is not mentioned in any of the historical records. His wife, Anna Margaret, who died two years after, is buried beside him. The stones at the head of the graves are still inscriptions can easily be discerned.—Philadelphia North American.

Simple Betrothal Ceremonies.

In Siam the lighting of a cigar indicates a betrothal. In that country a person wishing to become engaged to a girl of his choice offers her a flower or takes a light from a cigar or cigarette if she happens to have one in her mouth; and thereupon, provided there is no impediment, steps are at once taken to arrange for the payment of the dowry. The families of the bride and bridegroom have each to provide a considerable sum. In Calabria, as in many parts of India, a lighted taper or a lighted pipe betokens the acceptance of the suitor for the hand of a lady in marriage. In Siberia it is the custom that when a suitor has been accepted by a girl she presents him with a box of cigars and a pair of slippers as a sign that he is to be master in the house.

Crow and Rat Are Chums.

Ed Poole of Lynn, Mass., has two pets which probably cannot be duplicated in a day's journey. One is a pet crow which lives in a little house in the back yard. The other is the companion of the crow, a big rat. The rat occupies quarters in the crow's house, and they eat from the same dish. Both, too, are largely engaged in avoiding cats and dogs.

Must Wait Long for Money.

Jan. 1, 1872, Ebenezer Drake of Mechanic Falls, Me., placed \$50 in a savings bank for the benefit of a cemetery association. The money is not available until it has increased to \$100,000. It now amounts to \$250, and it is figured that the association will get the money in 2058.

Town Has Many Old People.

In the quaint town of Sterling, Mass., there are eighteen people who are over 80 years of age. Of this number two are men and the rest are not only women but widows.

HAD HEART PAINS

A Critical Case of Rheumatism Cured By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

While Mr. W. S. Geisel, of No. 123 East Conates street, Moberly, Mo., was steadily working at his trade in a foundry at that place, he became the victim of an attack of rheumatism, and his experience is that of thousands who are compelled to work in similar surroundings. He describes his situation as follows:

"I had been at work for a long time in a foundry where I was exposed to dampness. First my feet began to hurt and to swell, then my knees and my shoulder joints began to be affected in the same way. Finally I could not walk without great difficulty and suffering and had to stop work altogether. My appetite was feeble and I grew very pale and weak. I began to have pains about my heart and it fluttered about my condition. My mother knew about the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they had given her back her health when she was nearly wasting to death, and when she found that they were good for rheumatism too, she began to give them to me about a month after I was attacked. That was in the early part of March, 1903, and by June they had driven away the pains and swelling and had restored my appetite and color. Then I felt strong enough to take up a line of outdoor work and now, in October, I regard myself as entirely well and I am about to go into a foundry again at St. Louis."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills also cure other diseases springing from impure blood or disordered nerves, such as scintillation, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis and all forms of weakness in male or female. They may be had at all druggists or directly from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Ancient French Custom.

Dumas, in his "Isabel of Bavaria," refers to an ancient privilege which authorized the deputies of the six merchant bodies to accompany the kings and queens of France upon their entry into Paris from the gate of St. Denis to the palace, followed on this occasion by the representatives of the different manufacturing bodies clothed to represent the "seven capital sins," and, by way of contrast, the "seven Christian virtues."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDO L. KENNEDY & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. "Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation."

The Original "Match."

Originally a "match" was any substance which burned readily and slowly. The bit of slow-burning hempen rope, steeped in a solution of saltpeter, which the ancient gunner carried in order to discharge his arquebus, was a "match." It burned at the rate of about three feet in an hour.

Everybody get ready for Spring Conference.

Heroines, Old and New.

Most modern heroines are married women, whereas the nice ones in Shakespeare and in novels before 1890 were almost always unwedded maids. You like Beatrice and Portia and, above all things, Rosalind. You do not lose your thought to Lady Macbeth (though a fine figure of a woman) and you do not desire to compete with Othello in the affections of Desdemona. This may be a too nice morality, but to Victorian tastes even widows, in novels at least, come under the ban of the elder Mr. Weller. Nobody but Col. Esmond ever cared for Lady Castlewood and Dobbin is alone in his passion for Amelia.—London Post.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

How Pineapples Grow.

"Most people," said the fruiterer, "think pineapples grow on lofty palm trees. They really grow, like pumpkins, on the ground. A pineapple crop looks rather like a thick field of cactus. The fruit lies on the earth and above it rises a tuft of short, stiff leaves. Also from its base great swordlike leaves shoot forth in every direction. Some of these leaves are six feet long. The pineapple, after the date, is said to be the most profitable fruit to raise."

Use the Salt Lake Route to Conference this year. Best from Sanpete, Juab, Utah counties, and the far south.

Male and Female Teachers.

The highest proportion of male teachers in the United States is in West Virginia, where they form 50 per cent of the whole. The highest proportion of female teachers is in Vermont, 80 per cent of the whole. A comparative examination of the educational standards of West Virginia and Vermont might furnish interesting results.

Salt Lake Route. Low rates for Conference. Utah's most popular road.

Sunday in Heligoland.

Sunday in Heligoland begins on Saturday at 6 p. m., when the church bell is tolled, and continues till the same hour on Sunday. Formerly no vessel could leave port between these hours.